Tales of the Scalp Hunters.

a Dash for Life.

BY COL. HENRY INMAN, TOPEKA, KAN.



the woods, the red squirrels peeped saucily from trees, and over all nature there prevailed an The peaceful homesteaders of the fair region were unsuspiciously sitting in the cool door-

ing their newly-opened farms in the wilderness. fen miles distant, so remotely scattered were the houses, to hear an itinerant preacher; for, among the primitive, simple people living was camped on the creek. there, the moral and religious element predom-In the vicinity of other homes groups of children were plucking the blue and white anemones, that studded the prairie everywhere,

awaking the echoes of the charming pastoral landscape, as they played in gentle mirth, innocent of any danger. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, with the rush of a tornado, the Indians, feather-bedecked and paint-bedaubed, uttering their blood-curdling whoops, swept down into the valley from the hills and out of the canyons in every direction, murdering and scalping indiscriminately. Old and young were alike butch-

A few escaped the vengeance of the savages by hiding in the tall grass and mat of sedge | daughter: growing on the river's edge, from whence, late at night, under cover of darkness, they made their perilous way to Fort Harker, on the Smoky Hill, 25 miles south of the Saline, where Gen. Custer's famous troopers, the 7th Cav.,

Eight or nine miles from the mouth of Spillman Creek, up the Valley of the Saline, under now known as the Twin Groves, a neat cabin of hewn logs nestled picturesquely in the midst of their dense foliage. There lived Mr. and Mrs. Worral with their only child, Winona (in

The little family had been pioneers in Wisconsin, from which State they had emigrated in the Fall of 1865, settling in the beautiful Valley of the Saline, their claim including the sequestered and charming dual groves, where they commenced to open a new farm in the wilderness of central Kansas.

Winona had already reached her sixteenth year at the date of her advent in the new State. She was rapidly growing into womanhood, but still a thoroughly representative child of the prairie. Was as free and as graceful in all her movements as the antelope, pure and innocent in her thoughts as a saint, though sometimes perhaps a little dialectic and provincial

in their expression. Winona possessed a face and figure remarksble, the former for its quiet sort of beauty, the latter for its litheness, symmetry, and an inherent grace that any Eastern society lady would have been vain of; but with this fair girl every movement was perfectly natural. She was as ignorant of anything that savored of affectation as she was of the calculus; yet, if she even stubbed her toe it was accomplished by such an exposition of poetry of motion that it seemed to have been studied. To watch the play of her hands when performing any work, whether cinching the saddle on her pony or the more delicate office of making tatting, was a study. No queen could have moved her fingers

with more exquisite grace. Her complexion was so light as to be nearly pure, for she was a blonde of the most pronounced type, and, with her wealth of golden hair, which grandly reflected the sheen of the sun as does a bright cloud at his going down, she was considered a picture of beauty and health, rarely found outside of the country. But it was not her singular beauty which

made Winona a universal favorite in the new settlement, where among the class to which the belonged such possessions usually count for little. It was the sweetness of her disposition, modesty in its broad sense, sedate conduct, neatness in appearance, and her ever willingness to help or nurse a suffering neighbor that so endeared her to the people of the valley. Winona was possessed, too, of a courage and

coolness under circumstances of danger that the majority of men might envy. It was engrafted in her nature by the law of heredity, for her parents from their childhood had been on the frontier, and brought up to contend with all the sometimes fearful vicissitudes of border

Yet there was nothing masculine in this brave young girl's manner. She rode horseback as if she were part of the creature on which she sat, and could hardly remember when she had not owned a pony. The one she now pos-sessed was a dull brownish-yellow, named Ginger, not because his coat resembled that spice in color so much as for reason of the spice that was in his nature. Ginger was one of that small breed peculiar to Texas, purchased out of a herd which had been driven from the Lone species. On a long journey, with only the wild grass to subsist on, they soon completely "wear

out" the pampered steed of the stable. The relations between Ginger and his young mistress were remarkable for the affection and confidence each reposed in the other. He was now eight years old, just in the prime of horsehood, and Winona had owned him ever since he was but two, a mere colt, at the time her father had bought him for her at her home on the Mississippi.

Winona had broken him all by herself, but had never used whip, spur, or severe curb during her long and patient training. Consequently Ginger responded cheerfully to her every command promptly. His education had been based upon gentleness and affection. Her love for him was reciprocated in a manner bordering upon human intelligence confirmatory of the theory that kindness is more effective in subordinating the brute creation to our will than the club or kindred harsh measures. Ginger, never confined by fence or lariat,

roamed at will over the beautiful prairies surrounding Twin Groves. Yet day or night, in sunshine or in storm, if Winona required his services she had only to go and call him, when, if within the sound of her voice, he would come galloping up to her neighing cheerily. When he arrived where she stood, bridle in hand, waiting for him, he would affectionately rub his nose on her arms or shoulders, and subinissively follow her to the house. If he were a long way off when she went to seek him she would jump on his bare back and ride home. He was always rewarded on these occasions, however, with a lump of sugar or salt, of both of which he was very fond, and in all the years of their companionship neither girl nor pony had ever deceived the other. His sugar of palt was never forgotten, nor had be once failed

to respond to her summons. It made no difference when Winona wanted to go anywhere whether she mounted Ginger bareback and bridleless or with saddle. Under either circumstance she was perfectly at her ease, and he equally obedient to her voice, by which she frequently guided him. He was as fleet as the wind, and many times had Winona run down a "cottontail" or young antelope in a spirited chase over the level prairie.

massacre in the lower portion of the valley, Winona saddled Ginger and left home just after sunrise to visit Mrs. Aylesford, an old lady living about seven miles north of Twin Groves, to whom she had promised the preceding week

she would come that day and read.
After Winona had been there three or four hours, Ginger peacefully grazing the nutritious Winona, the Child of the Prairies; or, buffalo-grass in front of the house, and she was seated on the vine-shaded porch of the old lady's comfortable cabin, the great wooden clock in the sitting-room struck 11. Winona happening at that moment to look out on the prairie, she saw suddenly appear in the dis-tance a horseman coming up the trail toward the house at the top of his animal's speed. The rider was hatless and coatless. He was a Ger-Sabbath morning in man-American, a young bachelor, living alone May, that month of in a rude dugout in the hillside on Lost Creek, near the scene of the massacre.

From the door of his shelter he saw the Inwoods and stately elms, dians rush out of the ravines on their terrible which fringed the mar- raid, and confident that he could be of no as- his finger to his lips, indicating that she must but they continued and increased, until finally, sistance by going where the savages were al- keep perfectly silent. banked Saline in cen- ready murdering and firing the cabins of the tral Kansas, were in helpless settlers, he caught his horse, jumped cherries, in the profu- ride, after the manner of Paul Revere of Rev- strain. olutionary fame, to warn the people in that ful white blossoms, direction of the outbreak.

ed with arrow-like swiftness in the shadow of horse, and rushed into the house. He found | yards distant, lazily reclining on the buffalo- | called declared Mrs. Ray was suffering from the venerable couple, father and mother of their secure perch on the huge limbs of the Winona, reading their Bible, unsuspicious of bands, decorated in their war paint, bonnets friends she could not live more than a week at enchanting tranquility peculiar to the mid-continent plains in the primitive days of the then urged Worral to hitch up to his platformways of their rude but comfortable log cabins, the hills reach the Elk Horn Valley without | grouned for his carclessness in forgetting to I did not tell the physicians because I feared resting from the labor of the week in improv- being discovered. There was quite a settle- warn his neighbor in the early morning, when they would ridicule me, and perhaps order its ment there, about 12 miles from the Twin | he first started out. Some perhaps were gathered at a neighbor's, Groves, and Schmutz said he did not believe that the Indians would dare raid as far south, because Col. Keogh's company of the 7th Cav.

But Worral was an old frontiersman, and had brought, he at first determined to remain where he was and fight it out in defense of or the purple verbens and wild rose in the rahis home, for he was no novice in the art of vines and on the hillsides, their happy voices Indian warfare, having had many a tussle with them in his younger days when his father was a pioneer in the wilds of Wisconsin.

But Schmutz anxiously pictured to him the | had given her to keep her quiet. condition of affairs at the other end of the valley; assured him that there must be at least he was satisfied that unless the Indians sepaered; even helpless babes, sleeping in their much argument, Worral reluctantly decided to position would permit, he retraced his steps to mine, and if they could be induced to use Wartradles, pierced through and through with leave for the Elk Horn, so he and Schmutz where he had left Winona, and reported to her ner's Safe Cure, they, like me, might be saved." harnessed up, threw a couple of rifles into the wagon. But just as all was ready, Mrs. Worral cried out in her agony, as she thought of her

'My God! we cannot leave without Winona! She is up at the Aylesfords, on the head of

"I'll look after her and the Aylesfords," back. I want to see you folks start; then I'll | tree, she will be with us." bring Winona and the Aylesfords along. Besides, I don't believe the Indians will go as far | you." north as that, where the claims are so scatthe beautiful Chippewa language meaning first | tered; but if they should, I'll have plenty of | perfect confidence in the courage of the other, time to get there and back across the river be- and they started on their mission. Winona fore they can reach Spillman. I know they was such an expert horsewoman that she could wen't dare go south of the Saline, on account of ride at full speed and pick up her hat or handthe cavalry camped on the Elk Horn."

Thus assured in relation to Winona, Mr. and Mrs. Worral started. Schmutz accompanied them on foot as far as the ford, saw them safely | slightest touch, that she could make him go over, and returned to the Groves. There he almost anywhere and do almost anything. selected a fresh horse from among four or five | Winona and Schmutz led their animals as picketed on the prairie, turned his own and the noiselessly as possible around the upper end of others loose, and drove them into the timber, the limestone ledge. There he mounted again, so that the Indians might miss them if they | keeping in the shadow of the trees until they came up there. He went to the sod stable, found a saddle, which he took time to put on the animal, as he already began to feel the effects of his vigorous bareback ride, mounted, and resumed his solitary way across the valley. Creek, stopping long enough at the widely- dicating that she was ready, and, under her separated claims on his way-four between Twin Groves and the Aylesfords-to tell an arrow out into the opening. the people to fly south of the river for their lives. The moment he left the last cabin he

the porch of whose home Winona's young eyes | bending her body close along the neck of her saw him first, as he rode directly for the house. he walked up the steps to where she was. She | those familiar words Ginger doubled himself. knew at once by his strange appearance and | his belly almost to the ground as he fairly flew excited look that something out of the ordinary, every-day channel of the quiet neighborhood must have happened, and her first thoughts naturally were of her father and

Schmutz related in a few words what had occurred, and a stranger might have noticed, bead on the nearest one to him, toppling him perhaps, a sudden blanching of Winona's over. The other three were so surprised at the cheeks, but only for a moment, as he told of the sudden apparition of the young girl and her departure of her parents for the Elk Horn. Winona was not demonstrative in the slightest | fire a shot at the rapidly-retreating figures for a degree usually, but possessed the wonderful power of controlling her feelings under all circumstences, and was now the coolest of any | far beyond range, safe in the friendly shelter of one there. Arrangements were hurriedly perfected to start the Alyesford family, comprising the old lady and two half-grown sons-her possessed a platform-wagon.

When everything was ready they left. Schmutz on his horse and Winona on Ginger accompanied them as far as the ford at Twin Groves, where they arrived a little after noon, having made the seven miles in an hour.

The Indians had not yet reached there, but soon the savages might arrive in their flendish

rounds no one could surmise. until the Alyesfords were safely on the other side of the river, when they returned to the a rendezvous for the refugees. house in order that Winona might get her little rifle, a Ballard, with which she was an excel- Winona and her friends, accompanied by Lieut. O'Lantern, T. Hinker, W. D. J., Mack, Pat Rlot, Star State to the village near where the Worrais lived in Wisconsin. His powers of endurance were phenomenal, as are nearly all of his

Alexander, Horizon, Zenith, Ellsworth, Castranotice of their coming having been sent in by

Alexander, Horizon, Zenith, Ellsworth, Castranova, Will U. Smyle, Rokeby, Nyas, Lucrezius Borpreparations had been made to receive them,
notice of their coming having been sent in by

Lucie, M. C. S., C. Kerr, B. Ver, Phonog, F. Alt-Aylesfords in less than two miles. But when | Jack Hart, the scout, upon their meeting Col. | chell, Ben Trovato, Mrs. G. P. C.-37. Total, 43. they had ridden a short distance beyond the Keogh early in the afternoon. ford, Schmutz suddenly stopped, turned to | Molly grew up to womanhood, was properly Winona, who had reined up Ginger too, and educated through the kindness of the ladies of

> Tom Brady and his family! What shall I do?" | which Molly was born, which, of course, she where that stream abruptly curves to the old place last Summer, so full of horrid memsouth, forming a peninsula in the shape of a ories to Winona and Schmutz, but only a tradihorseshoe, about 300 yards across at its widest | tion to Molly, who remembers nothing of her part, in a dugout excavated in the side of the | wonderful escape, as she was too young. river's bank, lived Tom Brady, his wife and | Playing under the cottonwoods and elms, I only child Molly, nearly a year old. Tom was saw three happy little girls, Molly's children. a veteran with a gallant record, and had taken | perfect prototypes of their mother as I recolup his claim only the year before the raid. | lect her in the dark days of the Spillman Creek His rude home was two miles from George | massacre. The sun shone as of old, the birds were | Man's voice breaks sharp and harshly on the clear Schmutz's, who in his excitement and hurry | singing as sweetly as on that morning when upon leaving his dugout that morning had for- | Molly was saved by the brave Winona, but the gotten all about the existence of his nearest | harvest of blood of that year has been followed neighbor, and it only flashed suddenly into his by many seasons of agricultural gladness, and mind when he arrived on the opposite side of | the hills down from which swept the savages

the river with Winona. had never been in the least degree selfish, and | toral landscape, innocent of anything but peace now, with an inherent ingenuousness of soul | and fruitfulness. that always prompted her, even without re-! Winona passed beyond the unknown valley flection, to consult the happiness of others be- three years after her noble act, and is buried fore her own, when she heard the exclamation | in the quiet churchyard on a hill overlooking

of her companion, quickly replied: too late yet." Then she turned Ginger's head | grass green over her grave, jealously guards | down the river, dashed forward, telling Schmutz | the flowers that surround it, and often takes letter. Schmutz was bravery personified. He only | them of the brave girl who sleeps beneath.

On the love's Sabbath morning of the awful required such an invitation from the heroic passacre in the lower portion of the valley, young girl alongside of him for inspiration, and the two daring spirits rode rapidly down the river-trail leading directly to Tom Brady's,

four miles from the ford at Twin Groves. In a little more than 20 minutes they arrived at the heavy belt of timber on the north side of the peninsula that completely hid the dugout from view. They pulled up their ponies without uttering a word, when Schmutz dismounted, handed his bridle reins to Winona, and crept forward toward the river to reconnoiter. He listened warily to catch the slightest sound, casting watchful glances in every close the savages might be.

Winona hardly dared to breathe, and could hear her own heart beat, but not with fear, for

Schmutz continued to advance cautiously, The first claim beyond his own up the Saline | angle of a great limestone ledge that concealed | spite, however, of their skill Mrs. Ray grew was that of the Worral's, at Twin Groves, the site of the dugout. Peeping carefully over | weaker and more depressed, while the agony eight miles away. He made the distance in a the top, he looked upon a scene that almost little more than half an hour, jumped off his stagnated the blood in his veins. Only a few this time that a noted physician who was danger. To them he told the news in a bur- on, and fully armed, while near them, prone | the farthest. ried and excited manner. George Schmutz | upon the ground, lay the scalpless and horriblymutilated corpses of Tom Brady and his wife. wagon at once and leave for Fort Harker. They | One glance at the terrible scene satisfied the now | Ray's own words. She said: could cross the river at their own ford, only a | shuddering youth that he and Winona were too few rods from the house, and by keeping under | late. The bloody work was ended, and he using a preparation of which I had heard much.

Schmutz guardedly scanned the spot where the | was steadily and faithfully doing its own work savages were listlessly smoking their pipes, and, satisfying himself that the four he saw last the doctor said there was no use of his there were the only ones in the vicinity, conknew nothing of the sensation of fear; so on the receipt of the terrible news that Schmutz had brought, he at first determined to remain rose accordingly.

Lett will the vicinity, consuming, for he could do me no good. I had brought he sensation of fear; so on cluded that the raiding party had evidently suffered so much that I was quite willing to pellations of God. 5. Having the parts arranged broken up into small bands, and his courage letter the daily ones in the vicinity, consuming, for he could do me no good. I had great had a suffered so much that I was quite willing to pellations of God. 5. Having the parts arranged by threes. 6. A term used in the phrase triation by threes. rose accordingly.

> out, he discovered the child Molly, alive and and which looked as though it had been very apparently uninjured, scated at the foot of a large, left me. I sent for a doctor, and he delarge elm, innocently playing with a gaudy- clared it was a fibroid tumor, but said he had colored and beaded quirt which the Indians | never known one to come away of itself before.

ages' intention to carry off the baby, in the rescue from death was due solely to the marvel-300 savages engaged in the massacre, and that hope of getting a large ransom from the Gov- ous effects of Warner's Safe Cure, which was ernment for her return uninjured—an old | the remedy I took unknown to the physicians, rated into small bands there would be no use | trick of theirs. He knew that not a moment | and which certainly rescued me from the grave. in trying to fight them on the ranch, and that | must be lost in the attempt to circumvent | It is my firm belief that many ladies who are

escape her, and then, bracing her nerves for | ing at 142 West Sixth street, South Boston, a plan, George. We'll go as quickly as possible | gladly answer all questions or grant an interedge of the little prairie west of the dugout. may choose to call upon her. It is said that | the older puzzlers will remember this writer as replied Schmutz. "I'm going from here right I'll take the lead from there, you follow to "truth is stranger than fiction," and when the up there. We'll overtake you before you reach the Eik Horn! You needn't worry about Wi- woods on the other side before the Indians upon the road which physicians say leads only connected with the U.S. Engineer Corps, and is nona; I'd trust that girl to get away from a recover from their astonishment, and you may to death, consider the story as above given, one of two large clumps of box-elders, then as whole tribe of Indians if she was on Ginger's be sure that, if Molly is still at the foot of that there is reason for hope and joy, even although

Both had spoken in whispers; each had kerchief off the ground. Besides, Ginger was under such perfect control of her voice, understanding her wishes at the softest word or

arrived directly opposite the four Indians, who were still lying on the grass, Winona gathered up her bridle-rein, made a loop, so that it would stay on her left arm above the elbow, fastened her rifle to the rear of her He made straight for the head of Spillman | saddle, gave one significant look at George, in-

breath saying to Ginger "Now!" dashed like She made straight for the elm where Molly sat, snatched the child up with her right hand urged his horse forward at a quick lope toward | as she swung herself clear over, threw the baby the Aylesfords, still three miles away, from gently across the saddle in front of her, then faithful pony cried out loudly, "Ginger! She closed her book the moment Schmutz | what's the matter?"-her signal to him when dismounted, and stood up, waiting for him, as | she wanted his utmost speed. Upon hearing over the little prairie for a couple of hundred yards exposed to the gaze of the bewildered

> Schmutz was close behind Winona, rifle in hand, and just as he passed the group of Indians, who had risen to their feet, he drew a boldness that it paralyzed them. They did not moment, and when they did, having recovered their dazed senses, Winona and Schmutz were the timber on the other side of the opening.

The savages did not dare to follow them, and as soon as Winous and Schmutz felt assured of husband, a Union soldier, had been killed at | that fact they pulled up to let their ponies, now Gettysburg-for the Elk Horn, as they, too, white with foam, walk a mile or two after their terrible exertion. They had not proceeded thus more than three miles before they met Col. Keogh with part of two companies of the 7th Cav. en route north to disperse the Indians. He conveyed to Winona the cheerful intelli-

gence that her parents and the Aylesfords were out of all danger. He had passed them on the the fugitives could see the smoke of the burn- | trail only a short distance after he left camp. ing ranches rising in straight columns into the He had told them to wait on the Elk Horn clear atmosphere far down the valley. How until evening to see how many more settlers came in, and then one of his Lieutenants, with a detachment of troopers, remaining there for Schmutz and Winona remained at the ford | that purpose, would escort them to Fort Harker, where the Commanding General had established

the fort, and married when 18 to a respectable "My God! Winons, I have entirely forgotten | ranchman, whose claim now includes that on Three miles down the Saline, in a bend inherited. I passed a delightful week at the

like a storm are covered with meek-eyed Jer-Winona was of a noble and generous nature, seys and flocks of merinos, a beautiful pas-

the scene of her heroism. Molly, to whom the "George, we must save them. It may not be story of her daring is a sacred theme, keeps the her children to the sequestered spot and tells

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It is Taken Direct from Real Life.

A Charming New England Lady Tells Her Experience Both Abroad and in America. The unwritten romances of life are more wonderful and far more interesting than the direction, for his own and Winona's life de- most vivid works of fiction. The one we are pended upon his caution, as he had no idea how | about to relate occurred in real life, and is both interesting and instructive.

Suddenly he espied fresh tracks of ponies on the soft ground. He stopped, looked all about ter, N. H. Her home was pleasant, her surhim with intense anxiety, hardly daring to roundings comfortable. In the year 1880 she move lest the echo of his own footsteps should | visited England, and while in that country bebetray him. All was still. Winona, seated on | gan to experience strange sensations. At first Ginger, could see him, and he occasionally put | she attributed them to the change of climate, like many another woman, she became utterly discouraged.

It was while in this condition that Mrs. Ray on, fastened a turn of the lariat by which the she held her cocked rifle in position in front returned to America and her home. Thouwas, and sympathize with her suffering. Two prominent physicians were called and endeavinch by inch, until he arrived at the projecting ored to do all in their power for her relief. In she endured seemed to increase. It was at grass, were four dog-soldiers of the Cheyenne cancer, said there was no help, and told her

And here comes the interesting part of the story, which we will endeavor to tell in Mrs.

"Unknown to all these physicians, I had been discontinuance. During all the while that the But Molly, the baby! Where was she? physicians were attending me the preparation in its own way, and I had faith in its power. At coming, for he could do me no good. I had Creeping a little nearer the ruins of the dug- | called a false growth, as large as a coffee-cup, I immediately began to gain health and He now felt confident that it was the sav- strength, and I unhesitatingly declare that my

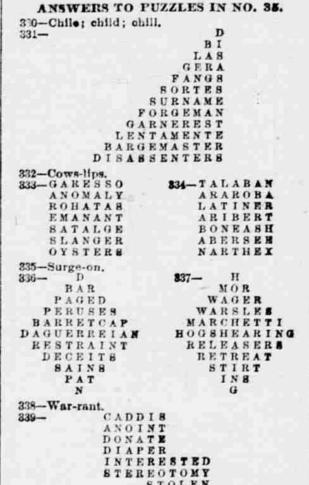
Winona permitted only a single sigh to in every respect. Mrs. Jennie Ray is now livthe occasion, said under her breath to Schmutz: Mass., and if any lady doubts the above state-"We must and will save that baby! I have | ment, she can address Mrs. Ray, who will back through the timber until we reach the view of a confidential nature to any lady who they may be now in the depths of despondency "All right," said Schmutz, "I'll be close to and misery. To such ladies the above truthful account is willingly given.

MYSTERY.

ited from every reader of THE NATIONAL TRIBUSE.
Write puzzles on one side of paper, apart from other communications. Address everything per-taining to this department to "Puzzle Editor," THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.]

Notice: Our authorities are the International Dictionary, Lippincott's Gazetteer and Phillips's Biographical Dictionary. Words outside of these books must be properly tagged. Definitions followed by an asterisk (*) are found in the Unabridged Dictionary.

"Quiet, calm deliberation Disentangles every knot." -THE GONDOLIERS



Authors of above: Zenith, Itami, Maude, Ma olica, K. T. Did, Zaida, Iron Mask, Guidon, M. C. S. and X. L. C. R.

TOLOSA

EMESIS

SOLVERS. Complete Lists: K. T. Did, Damon, G. Race, Alumnus, Jo Mullins, Sphinx .- 6. Incomplete Lists: Remiap, Bill Arp, Miss Callan, E. Lucy Date, Rosebug, Eglantine, Odoacer, Juni-Just after sundown the relatively happy us, Dame D., Dorothy Doolittie, Rex Ford, Jack

NEW PUZZLES .- NO. 41, NO. 387-CHARADE. (To Dorothy Doolittle.) O Priestess, sound is hushed, the world awaits Thy solemn coming to the sacred place, Two now and intercede for grace-There is the clangor of the silver gates; They open, and with stately mien

Comes Night's Priestess, like a Queen! Before the bar of Heaven she kneels and prays, And lifts her raptured eyes ONE unto God (Pure silver shines where'er her light foot trod.) For earth once more the golden days She asks; but ere her prayer COMPLETES a clamor fills the air.

And calm serenity of hight, And drowns her prayer in upward flight. Lost, lost, the joy that was so near, Because she prayed with longing eyes-The gates have closed on Paradise

-BEECH NUT, Newburg, N. Y. NO. 388-DIAMOND. 1. A letter. 2. A ridge or mound of earth. 8

French publicist, 1799-1853. 4. Salt marshes. 5. Black, greenish, or brownish minerals of the chrysolite group. 6. A comb-like structure on the metatarsus of the hind legs of certain spiders. 7. Communities in which many persons unite as in one family. 8. Serving. 9. Finding fault. 10. Crowding. (Obs.) 11. Cleaning, as the beak. 12. A combining form, signifying "great." 18. A letter. —A. F. Holt, Lynn, Mass. NO. 389-RIDDLE. Go west, go south, behold it stand, The pride and blessing of the land

On myriad fertile acres; Then see it to the city brought; 'Tis sold and bought, converted, wrought By merchants, millers, bakers. But here and there a man you see, Who counts it source of misery, The worst of comfort breakers; Though he may own no rod of land, If but one foot it can command, It makes him chief of achere!

NOS. S90-1-SQUARES. 1. P. O., Bates Co., Mo. 2. Attack at once. & A howling monkey. 4. Italian priest and astronomer, b. 1786. 5. An animal of the class Anthosos.

-M. C. S., Springfield, III.

MOST GRAPHIC STORY. 6. A delineation or description. 7. A large, long-legged South American bird, which preys upon snakes. —SIMON EASE, Newark, N. J. 1. Attack at once. 2. Woven so as to produce the appearance of diagonal lines on the surface 3. A kettledrum. 4. Seeds of canary grass. 5. An ecclesinstical body in certain churches. 6. A small French copper coin. 7. Placed back to back. (Century.)

—ESPERANCE, Washington, D. C.

> NO. 392-BEHEADMENT. What boots it where my cobbler FIRST, In mending sinners' soles immersed He, though no priest to pray or kneel, Could crooked understandings heal. He had a son, like "Peck's Bad Boy," More of a bother than a joy; For Tom's support his toil was taxed, And to that end his ends he waxed. Sometimes a neatly-mended boot Seemed to the floor had taken root, For that bad boy had natied it fast; Then Tom was leathered with a LAST. Though often Tom from grace would fall, The cobbler willed that boy his awl. -NYAS, Washington, D. C.

NOS. 393-4-DIAMONDS.

1. A letter. 2. An island of Asiatic Turkey. 8 Italian poet and philosopher, 1677-1749. 4. Harmony, 5. One to whom anything is confirmed 6, A preacher. 7. Sterna of arthropod somites. their leaves; the wild animal was picketed into his mouth for a grapes, plums, and bit, and started up the valley as fast as he could grapes and started up the valley as fast as he could grape and was cool and collected under the terrible ciate the condition in which Mrs. Ray then 11. A letter. —Castranova, New Chester, Pa. Occupants of an asylum, 9, Wigs. 10, Aurora 1. A letter. 2. A village of Belgium. 3. Arabian warrior and post, 500. 4. Dropsy of the peritone um. 5. Two-edged instead of round—said of cer-tain flattened stems. 6. Antidotal. 7. Repletion, 8. Re-adjusts. 9. An island off the west coast of Asia Minor. 10. A steep ravine. 11. A letter. -HAL HAZARD, Baltimore, Md.

> NO. 395-BEHEADMENT. Buds are growing silently Neath the snow so white, Making ready for the Springtime's Wak'ning into light. Wondrous growing! Who FIRST tell Nature's process there, With no flaunting show she boasts Of her workings fair. But the end proclaims afar Beauty unsurpassed; Quiet labors win the end Over SECOND at last. -FRANTZ, Binghamton, N. Y.

NOS. 396-7-SQUARES. 1. Fell made of gold, silver or brass. 2. An ornsmental evergreen shrub. 3. A mixed mode in knew. One week from the day the doctor last stay. 7. A literary fragment. (Century.) -MAHDEA, New York, N. Y.

1. P. O., St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. 2. Any South American monkey of the genus Brachyurus. 3. Common terns. 4. Aspersed, 5. French Benedictine monk and compiler, 1688-1746. 6. P. O., Pulaski Co., Ark. 7. To make a wrong distribu--SPHINK, Boston, Mass.

PRIZES.

Among those solving two or more of the above puzzles, and who have not heretofore won a prize in Mystery, will be awarded by lot three bound it would be suicidal to remain. At last, after their purpose; so, as hurriedly as his critical said to die of cancer of the womb are cases like

> CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS. Lord Baltimore, G. Whizz, Nyas, Stocles, Tunste and Hal Hazard have favored us with acceptable contributions during the week .-A review of the current issue of the Cosmopoli tan discloses an article entitled "Torpedoes in Coast Defenses," by A. M. D'Armit. Many of C. U. Rious, who was one of the first to comstationed at Willet's Point, N. Y .- Our customary biography is unavoidably crowded out this week, but we will resume the series next week .- Stocles and Hercules have consolidated for the purpose of solving everything

> that comes along, and they will be known to the 'Dom as Meandhim. Stocles is a master hand at solving, having worked out a complete list to a recent issue of Mystery with no other book of reference than the Unabridged Dictionary .- It is with sincere regret that we learn of the illness of both Dorothy Doolittle and Dame D., and we extend our sympathy, hoping they may soon recover .--- We are pleased to have heard again from Helianthus, and would be glad to have her favor us more regularly .--- It is expected that Morton and St. Germaine will make a decidedly interesting sheet out of the Lucubrator, and its advent is awaited with interest. The twain expect to visit Washington during the coming month, and although the Marine Band will be away on a starring tour, we assure them a royal welcome. - Nyas has just received the sad intelligence of the death of his brother. He was

a member of the Ontario Parliament, and died at 4:35 p. m. on March 25, while addressing that body. Mystery extends sincere condolence.

-As new comers, Clam and Mediker are heartily welcome, and we hope to hear from them often .- It was our pleasure to receive recently a long letter from Pepper. He has been obliged to almost abandon puzzling, owing to pressure of business. He contemplates a visit to Washington next Winter, when we hope to have the pleasure of meeting him.

EUGENE. Won the Case. [Chicago Tribune.] "If you were a-a jury, Clara," said the embarrassed young lawyer, hesitatingly, "I could plead my cause with more self-possession. In

the courts of-er-of love I don't think I stack up as a first-class advocate." "Perhaps you have not had an extensive practice in such courts, William," suggested the maiden, softly. "That's it exactly, Clara!" eagerly rejoined

the young man, moving his chair a little nearer. "I'm a green hand at this business. But if I could feel sure the jury "---"Meaning me?"

"Yes-wasn't prejudiced against the advo-

"Meaning you?" "Yes-why, then, I might"-"What kind of jury are you considering me,

William?" she asked, with eyes downcast. "A-h'm-petit jury, of course. You couldn't be a grand jury, you know, darl "-"Why not?" "Because we don't try cases before grand

"I think, William," said the young girl, blushing, "I would rather for this occasion be considered a grand jury.

"Because"-and she hid her face somewhere in the vicinity of his coat collar-"I have found a true Bill?"

The Waiter's Impudence. [Street & Smith's Good News.] Mr. Wayback (at hotel) -- What's that, lemon-Waiter-That's a finger-bowl, sah.

"What's it fer?" "To wash y'r fingers after eatin', you know, "Consarn your impudence, I don't eat with my fingers if I do come from the country. 1 eat with my knife, same as other folks,"

> One Way to Suffocate a Frog. [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

A frog cannot breathe with his mouth open. The conformation of his breathing apparatus is such that when his mouth is open his nostrils will be closed, and, paradoxical as it may seem, all you have to do to suffocate a frog is to put a stick in his mouth so that he caunot shut his jaws. It is a strange phenomenon, probably unparalleled in animal history, but nevertheless anyone who pleases may make the experiment, though it will certainly be disastrous to the frog.

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When I first received the belt I put it on every afternoon and wore it from four to six hours for three weeks. At the end of that time my health had so improved that I did not deem it necessary to wear it every day, but put it on every other day, or every two or three days, as I saw fit. My health did not improve so rapidly as it would have done had I not overtaxed my strength with hard work. But every time I used the belt I experienced beneficial results. When very tired I would put the belt on, and it always seemed to rest me, and it certainly did improve my appetite. I have used my belt for sick headache, by holding disks to forehead and neck or face, and

always experienced great relief. At present I am in better health than at any other time during the past six years, which is greatly due to the use of one of Dr. Owen's Electric Belts. I do not use the belt now only occasionally, but do not wish to be without one as long as I live. I can honestly say that Dr. Owen's Electric Belt is no humbug, and wherever it has failed to give satisfaction it was because it was not rightly understood or properly applied. Hoping others may be benefited as I have, I sincerely remain,

MRs. D. E. BRIDGES, Grant, Perkins Co., Neb.

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